

The BEE.
Select Poems

FROM
BOOKS
AND
MANUSCRIPTS.

Part III.



L O N D O N. M D C C X V.

THE BEE

26168 - FORM

FROM

BOOKS

AND

MANUSCRIPTS

FOR

LONDON: HODGKIN



AGREEABLE WIFE.

YOU ask, my friend, how I can *Delia* prize,
 when *Myra's* shape I view, or *Cynthia's* eyes :
 no tedious answer shall create you pain ;
 for *Beauty*, if but *Beauty*, I Disdain.

'Tis not a Mien, that can my will controul,
 a speaking body with a silent soul.
 the loveliest face to me not-lovely shows,
 from the sweet lips if melting nonsense flows.
 nor must the Tuneful *Chloris* be my choice ;
 an Earthly Mind ill suits a Heavenly Voice.

What! tho' my *Delia* not decay'd appears,
 she wants, you cry, the gawdy Bloom of Years.
 true : but Good Sense perpetual joys will bring :
 her wit is ever youthfull as the spring.
 those Flutt'ring Sparks, who fashionably burn,
 and, hourly, for some fair *Dorinda* mourn ;
 soon as the fancy'd Goddess is enjoy'd ;
 to find her Woman, sicken, and are cloy'd.
 not so my *Delia* shall consume her charms ;
 but rise, each morn, more beauteous from my arms. 20
 with envious swiftness rolling years may move ;
 impair her glories, not impair my love.
 time's wastefull rage the Husband shall despise ;
 and view the Wife still with the Bridegroom's eyes.

so kneels at some fam'd, antiquated, shrine,
 the pious pilgrim to the power divine.
 around he sees wild, rugged, heaps of stone;
 where Parian marble, once, and Jasper, shone:
 yet conscious, what those Ruins were of old,
 dares not, unmov'd, the mossie walls behold:
 but trembles at the Deity's abode;
 and owns the powerfull presence of the God.

Eusden. To Mr.

ap. Steele's Mist. p. 216.

The Antipolitician.

Brome.

COME leave thy care, and love thy friend;
 live freely, don't despair:
 of getting money there's no end;
 and keeping it breeds care.
 if thou hast money at thy need,
 good company, and good wine;
 his life, whose joys on wealth do feed,
 's not half so sweet as thine.

2.

I can enjoy my self, and friends,
 without design, or fear;
 below their envie, or base ends,
 that Politicians are.

I neither toil, nor care, nor grieve,
 to gather, keep, or lose;
 with freedom, and content, I live;
 and, what's my own, I use.

3.

While men, blown on with strong desires
 of riches, or renown,
 who' ne'er so high, would still be higher,
 so tumble headlong down:

23

for

for Princes' smiles turn, oft, to frowns ;
 and favours fade, each hour :
 he that, to day, heaps towns on towns,
 to morrow 's clap't i'th' tower.

4.

All that we get by all our store, 25
 's but honour, or dominion :
 the one's but trouble, varnish'd o'er ;
 and t'other's but opinion.
 fate rules the roast ; times always change ;
 'tis fancy builds all things : 30
 how madly then our minds do range ;
 since all, we grasp, has wings ?

5.

Those empty terms of rich, and poor,
 comparison hath fram'd ;
 he has not much, that covets more, 35
 want is but will, nick-nam'd.
 if I can safely think, and live ;
 and freely laugh, or sing :
 my wealth I'll not for Croesus' give,
 nor change lives with a King. 40

Brome. ap Poëms. part 2. song 29. p. 100.

C A T T E I S.

A Heroi-Comic Poëm.

HAIL, sacred Maid, in Pindus' groves retir'd,
 who first my soul with poetry inspir'd,
 deign to assist my numbers ; whilst I tell,
 how lovely Catta liv'd, and how she fell.
 say what dire cause provok'd the angry maid, 5
 by whose relentless hands she was betray'd.

B 2

Near

Near *Stepney* town, where ancient rolls report
 King *John* in royal splendor kept his court ;
 where some remains of majesty are seen
 from an old gate, that yet adorns the green ; 10
 tho' now the village boasts a lesser fame,
 and cakes and ale ob'scure its annal'd name :
 there dwells a Virgin, at whose generous gate,
 each day, the poor for sweet refreshments wait.
 my Muse shall *Catharina* call the dame ; 15
 and less a Saint was she, who bore that name.
 her present life with future hopes she cheers ;
 and feels, with pleasure, her declining years.
 so lives the cheerfull Hermit, so resign'd ;
 and heaven's the only object of his mind. 20
 her niece, fair *Mopsa* tends the rev'rend maid ;
 prepares her humble mess ; and shares her bed.
 contentment smooths her brow with soft disguise ;
 tho' sprightly wishes wanton in her eyes.
 sad fate ! when choice, and interest, can't unite ; 25
 when one must choose, what chiefest one wou'd slight.
 whilst wholesome torrents swell each purple vein,
 how can the maid forbear to think of man ?
 thus the young Nun, against her own consent,
 is often in the holy cloysters pent : 30
 where she laments her Beauties unenjoy'd ;
 and only dreams the pleasures of the Bride.
 As *Mopsa* serv'd her aunt with studious care,
Catta was yet an underling to her.
 fam'd for her scent, and penetrating eyes,
 she, from the viands, kept the ravenous mice ; 35
 nor was she of her trust unmindfull found :
 each early morning view'd the bloody ground,
 with mangled carcases, bestrow'd, around.

here a huge Rat falls breathless at her feet;
 ere he could taste the long-attempted meat;
 the Mice, alarm'd, their Captain's fate desery;
 and, warn'd by death, with hideous uproar fly:
 the squeaking troop she furiously pursues;
 and, in their blood, her venomous teeth embrues: 45
 dire havock on her vengefull claws attends;
 and the sad scene with wild destruction ends.
 in service thus she spent each lonely night;
 each day in merry frolic, and delight.
 long thus her life she innocently led;
 by *Catharina* lov'd, by *Mopsa* fed.
 But, as it chanc'd, one fatal holiday,
 whilst all was still, and *Mopsa* far away,
Catta, with direfull hunger prest, grew faint;
 and, mewng, cry'd, till she was almost spent. 55
 at length, she ventur'd, in an evil hour;
 and in some food did her own life devour.
 soon the sad crime ill-boding ravens tell;
 and round the green in ominous circles wheel:
 so thick the troop their waving pinions spread, 60
 that night's high noon scarce makes a thicker shade.
 at last, with one consent, they cease their flight;
 in clusters on the guilty house alight; (affright.
 and, with sure signs of death, the conscious wretch
 thrice her fixt doom they bode with hollow cries; 65
 thrice flap their fatal wings with hideous noise;
 then leave the gloomy seat; and, rais'd on air,
 to their foul fields, and wonted haunts repair.
 now night begins to thicken in the skie;
 and *Mopsa*, unperceiv'd, does homewards hie. 70
 supper's call'd up, and the wild gadding maid
 is to her aunt, by *Catta's* fault, betray'd.

all night, the restless female sighing lay ;
 and, eager, wi'th for the approach of day,
 when, sure as e'er she should the morning spy, 75
 she vow'd that Catta should her vengeance try :
 whilst, watchfull, she, unweeting of her doom,
 strow'd with the usual signs of woe the room.
 Now day begun to dawn, the wrathfull maid
 rose up, in haste ; and, thus, devoutly pray'd : 80
may I ne'er, Hymen, try the joys you give,
if I permit the wretched slave to live :
may baggard age hang on my wrinkled brow ;
and my weak shoulders, with its burden, bow :
may my chill'd blood glide useles in my veins ; 85
and may I live rejected by the swains :
if, on the green, appears the noontide sun,
ere I my fury doe on Catta shewn.
 more she'd have spoke, but that her rage increast ;
 and speechless passions swell'd her panting breast. 90
 slightly about her waist her gown she threw ;
 and, on her rabby foe, relentless, flew.
 she binds her fast ; then meditates her death,
 spite of her wonted care, and nine-liv'd breath.
 Ah ! Catta, hadst thou ever been aware, 95
 what 'tis, but slightly, to provoke the fair ;
 thou never wou'dst have risk'd a woman's hate ;
 nor hadst thou, now, been doom'd to such a fate.
 Straight to the verdant fields young Mopsa goes,
 where vieing archers bend their knotty bows ; 100
 from whose tough yew the whistling arrows fly ;
 and cut their speedy passage thro' the skie.
 to these, with artfull plaint, the maid address ;
 and to'd the secret import of her breast.
 the mewling penitent, to death decreed, 105
 seem'd, for her life, in moving sounds to plead :
 yet

yet all in vain : for the insulting fair
refus'd her melancholy cries to hear.

So, at the bar, the wretch convicted stands,
and hears the awfull Judge's fixt commands ; 110
yet still he strives to plead his cause ; in vain :
the sentence, pass'd, must ever so remain.

Against a bank the archers *Catta* tie ;
and, fifty yards, their deadly arrows flie.

Solon, whose arm had mighty honors gain'd, 115
worthy the Captain of the youthfull band,
first bent his bow ; from whence the arrow sprung ;
and, in the bank, close by the victim, hung.

the youth *Gaupineus*, then, his fortune tried ;
the arrow flew, and glanc'd upon her side. 120

appriz'd of death, her angry eye-balls roll ;
and speak the anguish of her tortur'd soul.

to ease her of her pain, *Erlino* bends
his bow, and with vast strength the arrow sends :

but, rais'd on high, it wings its way too far ; 125
and spends its random force in empty air.

with better fortune, stout *Plerides*, next,
just o'er her head, his quivering arrow fixt.

the fierce *Burrusteus*, then, his art confest ;
and thirst of glory fir'd his youthfull breast. 130

dire war, and blood, his early thoughts employ'd :
who, when a boy, the Bees' sharp stings defy'd.

oft have they felt the little victor's rage ;
who, cruel, spar'd nor tender youth, nor age.

whilst, what their care had cull'd from every flower,
a sweet addition to their golden store, 136

serv'd only but to aggravate their woe ;
doubling their anguish, whilst it fed their foe.

for,

for, from their bellies, oft, the bag he'd pluck ;
 whence he might store of grateful hony suck ; 140
 then, of their stings depriv'd, he kept the prey ;
 who in a box, shut close, imprison'd lay ;
 and, humming, sigh'd their useless lives away.
 his aim, aright, this doughty hero took ;
 and ghastly death smil'd at the promis'd stroke. 145
 the feather'd dart, with active vigour sent,
 its winged force 'gainst her tough belly spent.
 but cruel fate restrain'd the threaten'd blow ;
 and *Catta's* life reserv'd for greater woe.
 for the sharp point did only dent her Skin ; 150
 and, unsuccessful, bounded back agen.
 close after him the brave *Kurtzerai* came ;
 of *Russia* he, nor yet unknown to fame :
 tho' now for fair *Belinda's* charms he sighs ;
 and, lost to former honors, hourly dies. 155
 in a rich vest of Tyrian dye he shone ;
 round whose fine edge a thick embroidery ran,
 all stiff with plated gold ; the last kind gift
 of his sad mother, when those realms he left.
 in vain, alas ! his twanging string he stretcht ; 160
 the arrow fell, ere the soft bank it reacht.
Gaupineus, then, a second arrow shot :
 swifter than words it flew, or Poët's thought,
 whizzing its fatal passage thro' the air ;
 and struck the dying victim on the ear. 165
 now *Catta* may repent her breach of trust ;
 and wish she'd rather starv'd, than been unjust :
 trembling she starts ; and, wildly, tears the ground ;
 whilst the black blood spouts from the painful wound.
 So a fierce Tyger, on the *Lybian* plains, 170
 who oft had feasted on unwary swains,

by some chance shot when struck, he raving flies;
 tears up the ground; and rolls his fiery eyes.
Burrus next, with mighty efforts, try'd
 to end her life; but fate his wish deny'd;
 and, with a sudden blast, the arrow turn'd aside.
 the little hero's heart with anger swells;
 and his pale face the disappointment tells.
Erlino then, and the brave *Russian* shoot:
 this hits her tail; and that her hindmost foot. 180
 but now the fatal sisters had untwin'd
 her nine-wov'n thread; and *Catta's* life resign'd
 to *Solon's* power: for, next, his weapon sprung
 from his bent yew; and, in her brain-pan, hung.
 the archers shout; whilst from the ghastly hole, 185
 thro' blood, and brains, flies her disdainful soul.
 lifeless, her body tumbles on the plain;
 and streams of purple gore the grass distain.
 his second chance, thus, young *Plerides* lost:
 yet, ready arm'd, he wish'd his skill to boast: 190
 when, to the head, his feather'd dart he drew;
 rais'd it on high; and a huge Raven flew,
 which, hovering over the dead carcass, flew.
 this generous deed ev'n *Mopsa*, now, too late,
 acknowledg'd, whilst she wept for *Catta's* fate.

Parnell. A Hymn on Contentment.

L Ovely, lasting Peace of Mind,
 sweet delight of human kind,
 heavenly born, and bred on high,
 to crown the favorites of the Sky
 with more of Happiness, below,
 than victors in a triumph know:

whither

whither, O, whither art thou fled,
to lay thy meek contented head?

what happy region dost thou please
to make the seat of calms, and ease?

10

Ambition searches all its sphere
of pomp, and state, to find thee there.

encreasing Avarice wou'd find
thy presence in its gold enshrind.

the bold Advent'rer ploughs his way
through rocks, amidst the foaming sea,

15

to gain thy love; and then perceives
thou were't not in the rocks, and waves.

the Silent Heart, whom grief assails,
treads soft, and lonesome, o'er the vales;

20

sees daisies open, rivers run;

and seeks, as I have vainly done,

amusing thought; but learns to know
that Solitude's a nurse of woe.

no real happiness is found

25

in trailing Purple o'er the ground:

or in a soul, exalted high

to range the circuit of the sky;

converse with stars above, and Know

all nature in its forms below:

30

the rest, it seeks, in seeking dies;

and Doubts, at last, for Knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting, Peace, appear;

this world it self, if thou art here,

is once again with *Eden* blest'd;

35

and man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,

I sung my wishes to the wood;

and,

and, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
the branches whisper, as they wav'd. 40
it seem'd as if the quiet place
confess'd the presence of the Grace ;
when thus she spoke : *Go rule thy Will :*
bid thy wild passions all be still :
know God : and bring thy heart to know 45
the joys, which from Religion flow.
then, ev'ry Grace shall prove its guest ;
and I'll be there to crown the rest,

Oh ! by yonder mossie seat,
in my hours of sweet retreat,
might I thus my soul employ,
with sense of gratitude, and joy,
rais'd, as ancient prophets were,
in heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r,
pleasing all men, hurting none, 55
pleas'd, and blest'd, with God alone !

Then, while the gardens take my sight,
with all the colours of delight ;
while silver waters glide along,
to please my ear, and court my song : 60
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
and thee, great SOURCE of NATURE, sing.

The sun, that walks his airy way,
to light the world, and give the day ;
the moon, that shines with borrow'd light ; 65
the stars, that gild the gloomy night ;
the seas, that roll unnumber'd waves ;
the wood, that spreads its shady leaves ;
the field, whose ears conceal the grain,
the yellow treasure of the plain ; 70
all of these, and all I see,
wou'd be sung, and sung by me :

they

they speak their maker, as they can ;
but want, and ask the tongue of man.

Go, search among your idle dreams,
your busie, or your vain extremes ;
and find a life of equal bliss,
or own the next begun in this.

Parnell. ap. Steele's Misc. Poëms. p. 96.

An Apology for DANCING.

MY Muse (which, formerly, was wont to prize
Ladies fair hands, white necks, red lips, black eyes)
flies with reformed wings ; and, as it's meet,
lays by the head, to magnifie the feet.
the subject of this half-hour's thought shall be
on *Dancing's regular Activity* :
and it is fit this quality shou'd be
exalted with the feet of poetry :
for Scholars, when their flaming souls advance
to Write a Poëm, all their Spirits Dance.

First I will tell you what th' Essential part
of Dancing is ; and then, have at the Art.
it is an act, if rightly understood,
consisting of three parts, *Time, Tune, and Mood* :
time limits ; *tune* doth regulate ; the vigor
of *mood* does aptly form posture, and figure.
thus are the parts distinguish'd ; I shall, next,
give you a comment on this tempting text
in orderly gradations ; not by leaps,
but soberly, ascend to it by steps.

What can be more allicient, than to see
men move with mathematic majesty ?

whose

whole gliding feet so press the buxom earth,
as if their motion gave the music birth.
where not alone the foot, but head, arm, thigh, 25
contribute to compleat the harmony,
it is a fit of order, where our eyes,
have glimpses of the spheres' rotundities.
'tis music to the sight; a swift, and sweet
concord of spirits; language of the feet; 30
it moves the soul with such secret devotion,
that it compels the standers-by to motion.
All creatures, since the world, at first, did start
from chaos, are presented, by this art,
in Motion, or in Station: look upon 35
the active glory of the rising Sun;
where Time, and Tune, do both, at once, confine
his flaming feet along th'ecliptic line:
the Moon does more than he; for, lies our apes
in antics, she appears in several shapes; 40
whilst, round about her, by divine command,
in figure, all the constellations stand:
and he that will on *Pliny's* volume call,
shall find much order in each animal.
the Whole Creation is a Dance; where men 45
rise, walk, turn, slide; so to their seats again.
an Army is a Dance: where, though an ocean
of mingled men, they measure all their motion;
who, as the trumpets sound, or drums do bear,
lead up; that is, march on, fall back, retreat: 50
but if it chance they by the foe are foil'd,
they're all disfigur'd, and the Dance is spoil'd:
a Commonwealth's a Dance: mark it, here's one
leads up quick time, and does as fast fall down:
this subtil fellow slides, and that is found 55
(or rather lost) to be still turning round:

but leaving these at each hand, in the middle,
a man, whose feet keep time to fortune's fiddle,
with a *coranto* pace the rest surprizes ;
sets best leg forwards ; makes a chase ; and rises. 60

I could enlarge upon it, but I must
in *Dancing's Use*, and the *Abuse* be just.

in modest men, and virtuous women, this
cannot conduce to any thing amiss :

besides, some dances, and some dancers, be 65

so grave, they move like a solemnity ;

rather than such, as titillate the blood

with any appetite, that is not good.

the true intent of Dancing to me seems,

only an Artful Perfecting the Limbs 70

in Gracious Postures ; such as nature wou'd

her self have brought to pass, if that she cou'd.

This Art is necessary, if it were

only to make the feet familiar

to walk the streets with handsomness ; or come 75

with civil motion, to a stranger's room.

but, *in a word*, these active recreations

are ancient, good, and practis'd by all nations.

Th' *Abuses* are, where persons, void of fame, W

and full of lust, use this to feed the flame. 80

what's this to th'art ? the spider, and the bee,

extract, by one rule of philosophy ;

and that which is an ornament in one,

may, in another, breed destruction :

I fear that Scripture-Phrase, where mischief's hid, 85

has done more hurt, than ever Dancing did.

all things may be corrupted ; meat ; drink ; health ;

the seat of justice ; a whole commonwealth ;

if

if it be so ; then I may boldly say,
that Dancing is as Innocent as they.

Jordan. ap. Wit in a Wilderiness: p. 29.

A SATYR
against
DANCING.

SURE, of all arts, that, ever, were invented,
to thy production sense, the least, consented :
but, since the cap'ring humors of the age,
the whimsies of the beaux, and of the stage,
almost despair'd for want of airy nonsense, 5
thou wer't advanc'd : and well enough in conscience.
thy fluid, and fantastic figure brought
the utmost of an immaterial thought.
then sense complied, as jarring senates do,
to vain petitions of th'ignoble crew : 10
to please the mob, and silence ev'ry ass,
in their behalf, some foolish act they pass :
but nature, seeing thee a useless thing,
this wise decree did on thy folly bring ;
that, as grave prudence in the soul was spread, 15
and fill'd the most material part, the head ;
thou shou'd'st a visible remoteness meet,
performing thy vain office at the feet ;
the feet, which, vilely to the earth declin'd,
are the remotest members to the mind : 20
yet these (manur'd with cotton pantaloons,
soft tender heels, gay hose) compleat buffoons:
the shoes must be precise ; the soles as thin
as theirs, who, puppet-like, shall dance therein.
Then with resistless, never-failing power, 25
each step shall win a maid, and girl deslow'r.

the Ladies shall know better, and despise
 the empty fops. but when will they be wise !
 each bound, each leap, such wondrous grace imparts ;
 'tis absolute cupeeing gains their hearts. 30
 and, faith, 'tis well, that, where the pow'r of wit
 has no effect, this monkey art may hit.
 Thus *David*, when he was a captive made.
 and fearing that his usage might be bad,
 did feign himself a madman ; and was seen
 to act your *Scaramouch*, and *Harlequin*,
 so well, as if from *France* he had cull'd his rules ;
 or learnt 'em here in *English* boarding-schools ;
 but thus he sav'd his life ; which, to his cost,
 had he affected witticisms, he had lost.
 I know not if he danc'd ; but, if he had,
 the Conqueror would have thought the King stark mad.
 The former age, perhaps, might tolerate it ;
 but only this, this Age, could animate it ;
 sublime inventions having been so few,
 we only could have bad ones, having new.
 As vig'rous nature languishes each day,
 the pow'r of understanding does decay ;
 and, feebly, from its ancient glory falls away ;
 the sicken'd mind fantastically pursues
 vain shadows, and chimera's as abstruse ;
 to unsubstantial fancies, idle dreams,
 it bends ; gay folly, only, it esteems ;
 and, that absurdities might be advancing,
 it caught a whimzie, and created Dancing. 35
 Time ran too soon, and spent it self too fast,
 when, for to bring this age, it left the last.
 for as that age aspired, still to lead
 its glories on to that, that shou'd succeed ;
 that, that succeeded, thought it was too mean
 that borrow'd virtues shou'd on it be seen : 60
 there

therefore it let their principles alone,
for new, and damn'd inventions of its own.
The Vicious now are lewder ; and the Saints
begin to grumble at their hard restraints. 65
tho' Spaniards urge their cuckoldom by bars,
and Englishmen derive it from their stars ;
weigh well our freedom, and it will appear,
they've not, by half, the cuckolds, we have here :
the golden, silver, and the brazen age, 70
have long abandon'd this inglorious stage ;
to that of iron, which is, yet, not past,
a Horny Age has join'd it self, at last.
Tho' all that brutal tribe, by meditation,
appears the scandal of the fair creation ; 75
those, whom a worthy Gentleman creates,
are free of being rank'd with such hard fates :
but, when the spurious offsprings of the age,
the issues of the Dancing-school, and Stage,
contribute to a reverend head such shame ; 80
the Cuckold's worse, the Wife much more to blame.
What are those publick schools, but snares of sin,
to bubble Cits, and draw their daughters in ?
the mode is so diffus'd throughout the nation ;
that, what is ruin, they call education. 85
the Masters, a precise fantastic rout
of wretched posture, fling their toes about:
in a becoming corner of the room,
which they can construe nicely, I presume,
the representatives of folly stand ; 90
erect their heads ; beat time ; and throw their hands ;
and all to show, what only cou'd advance
from such vain fops, a miserable Dance.
Thus, when the mountain, with laborious weight,
groan'd to deliver its oppressing freight ; 95

a tiny mouse, the total business was,
 that did the heavy revolutions cause,
 but as to me, damn their coupées, and leaps,
 their bounds, their hops, their back, and forward steps;
 their figures too eternally I'd curse, 100
 did they not of their apish selves make worse.

in all that idle tumult of their toes,
 nothing to me's more grateful than the close.
 methinks, a dance is charming, when 'tis done,
 so late 'tis ended, and so soon begun; 105
 like books, whose vile beginnings bring confusion;
 and, after, a release, by their conclusion.

The members have no succour from the brain,
 tow'rd's the performance of a thing, so vain.
 the head, as loath such nonsense to complete, 110
 with indignation spurns it at the feet.

O *France*! with pride thou may'st thy self extol
 above the world; and look contempt on all:
 since even thy gay absurdities are found,
 in wiser Nations, than thy own, renown'd. 115

How happy you, who, wanting sense to move,
 with airy nonsense can victorious prove!
 the Fair thus wave what *Betterton* will say;
 and only talk how finely danc'd *L'Abbé*;
 those cuts in th'air, how sudden, nice, and clean!
 these entertainments ruin every scene. 121

while God-like Kings are rectifying States,
 and our attention on their prudence waits;
 how much do we degenerate to *Beaux*,
 to be diverted from their thought, by shows? 123

yet nothing will our modern plays enhance,
 but *Dame Ragon*, *L'Abbé*, or *Ladder-dance*.
 What wonder plays such cursed fates should find,
 when we th'addition'd nonsense only mind?

though

though they are barbarously writ, and new, 130
 their present stock of nonsense will not do
 the Poët, to let off each monstrous scene,
 must shove in more, and have a Dance between:
 some capering Monsieur, or some Country Clown,
 shall influence a play, and draw the town; 135
 bewitch the Critics; as old *Orpheus* sham'd
 the Devils from tormenting of the damn'd.
 thus, to evade the critics mortal dint,
 'tis fit that every play have Dancing in't,
 for, shou'd the stage from the expence refrain 140
 of keeping Dancers; Poëts wou'd be fain
 to borrow gold to bribe 'em back again.
 as Lords wou'd quit their pedigree, as soon
 as be without a Flatterer, and Buffoon.
 as a Romance our wonder wou'd imprint, 145
 if Woods and Rivers were not mention'd in't,
 so modern plays wou'd usher mere surprize,
 if, without entries, they did once suffice.
 yet, I must justify my noble rage,
 curse the buffoons, and damn th' ignoble Stage; 150
 which does, precariously, it self sustain
 by dance, and mimicry, and all that's vain,
 like bawds, by plying whores to lust, preserve
 a fullsome life; and so forbear to starve.
 Curse on the lot, whose noddle cou'd advance 155
 no farther, than the product of a Dance:
 and doubly damn'd be he, that lik'd it first;
 th' Inventor, and th' Encourager, be curst
 the volubility of such a fop,
 he shou'd, like two superfluous branches, lop; 160
 his feet he shou'd have tut with indignation;
 that so his head might have the information,
 that it was set on a more wise foundation.

for,

for, even now, the conscious head arraigns
 the trouble, that the tripping foot sustains. 165
 had every coxcomb, that does dancing love,
 the peacock's glorious radiancy above;
 like him, in shame, his splendor would retreat,
 at the vile object of his capering feet.

Whenere I dance, I take along these rules; 170
 and fancy all the gaping audience fools.

for, who with solid judgment wou'd repair
 to see a dance? what wise men wou'd come there?
 they might as well seek out some river's brink;
 and stand, to see the bubbles rise, and sink. 175

I, rather than be churlish, think it fit,
 variety of follies to admit,

for complaisance; and be alone the wit;

with patience, I support the ridicule;

and am at pains, to show my self a fool. 180

if 'tis approv'd, I'm not with pride possest;

since 'tis but vain, and foolish, at the best:

if 'tis condemn'd, I am not stung so soon;

but have my end in being its buffoon.

I wou'd the utmost of its folly tell; 185

and, faith, 'tis said, I do my figures well.

a sot, by nature, is a heavy curse;

but, to be one, by art, is yet much worse.

rough nature, art shou'd polish, and improve;

but modern art even nature does remove. 190

for nature, that bestow'd us human shapes,

vile dancing metamorphoses to apes.

'tis idle folly, tho' it spares no pains;

'tis the convulsion of the feet, and brains;

it leaves no mark of what it is, but flies

while 'tis a doing; and then poorly dies: 195

as fishes, on the surface of the main,
 just show their heads, and then drop down again.
 The labors of the mind themselves display,
 tho' the great author is not in the way : 200
 in lasting numbers their bright rules are spread,
 to instruct us here below, tho' they are dead :
 your coxcombs of the tripping trade can, ne'er,
 describe their faculty, unless they're there :
 they cannot send a leg, to instruct you, how 205
 the *court'sy* is ; and what is't makes the *bow* :
 unless they are such damn'd confounded fools,
 to teach it in explanatory rules,
 and, faith, I think so meanly of their wit,
 'tis ten to one, but those damn'd rules are writ. 210
 And now, not being able to contain
 my fretted sides, I laugh, and drop my pen ;
 to think, amongst the world's distracted crew,
 there's Mathematics even in Dancing too.

By a Person of Honor. 1702. pp. 9.

Marvell.

Elysium.

Dorinda. **W**HEN Death shall snatch us from these
 and shut up our divided lids ; (kids,
 tell me *Thyrsis*, prithee do,
 whither thou, and I, must go.

Thyrsis. To th' *Elysium*.

Dorinda. Oh, where is't ? 5

Thyrsis. A chaste soul can never miss't.

Dorinda. I know no way, but one ; our Home
 is our Cell *Elysium* ?

Thyrsis. Cast thine eye to yonder sky :
 there the *milky way* doth lye. 10

'tis

'tis a sure, but rugged way,
that leads to *everlasting day*.

Dorinda. There Birds may nest ; but how can I,
that have no wings, and cannot fly ?

Thyrsis. Do not sigh, fair nymph, for fire 35
has no wings, yet does aspire,
till it hit, against the pole :
heaven's the center of the soul.

Dorinda. But, in *Elysium*, how do they 40
pass eternity away ?

Thyrsis. Oh ! there's neither hope, nor fear :
there's no wolf, no fox, no bear.
no need of dog to fetch our stray ;
our *Lightfoot* we may give away :
no Oat-Pipe needfull : there thine ears 25
may feast with music of the spheres.

Dorinda. Oh sweet ! how I my future state,
by silent thinking, antedate !
I prithee let us spend our time to come,
in talking of *Elysium*. 30

Thyrsis. Then I'll go on : there, *sheep* are full
of sweetest grass, and softest wool :
there *birds* sing consorts ; *garlands* grow ;
cold *winds* do whisper ; *springs* do flow :
there, always, is a rising *sun*, 35
and *day* is, ever, but begun :
shepherds there bear equal sway,
and every *nymph's* a Queen of *May*.

Dorinda. Ah me !

Thyrsis. *Dorinda*, why dost cry ?

Dorinda. I'm sick, I'm sick --- and fain wou'd die. 40
convince me now, that this is true,
by bidding, with me, all *adieu*.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis. I cannot live *without thee*, I
will for *thee*, much more *with thee* dye.

Dorinda. Then let us give *Clorillo* charge o'th' sheep;
and thou and I'll pick poppies; and them steep
in wine; and drink on't, even till we weep:

Th. Dor. so shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

Marvell. ap. Miscellaneous Poems. p. 109.

*Set by Mr. Matthew Lock, ap. Playford's Theatre of
Music. book 4. pag. 78.*

To Mrs. A. W.

on her

WEDDING-DAY.

TO beauteous *Anna*, sweet as blooming flowers,
the lovely Partner of my gayer hours,
when she, inspir'd by music's brightly sounds,
with awfull motion glides in circling rounds,
these humble lines are sent. may she receive
the same with candor, and their faults forgive.

Time was when verdant fields, and purling streams,
and rural pastimes were my darling themes:
then I, at early dawn, in swift carriere,
pursued the noble stag, or timorous hare:
sometimes, with active Tray, thro' wood, and glade,
with tube, or snare, the volant kind betray'd:
or else, by silent *Coln*, my hours employ'd;
and, with deceitfull bait, the finny race destroy'd.

Tir'd out, at length, with solitude, and sport, I
to *Albion's* lofty towers I did resort:
where splendid courts, gay balls, and generous wine,
to give uninterrupted joys combine;
and gilded theatres do mirth dispence,
instructive to the mind, divertive to the sense.

'Twas

'Twas there that first the lovely maid I saw,
 whose converse fill'd my soul with sacred awe.
 'twas not her perfect form, her beauteous face;
 her comely motion, or majestic grace,
 (though these perfections, which the world admire, 25
 might age it self with lambent flames inspire)
 but 'twas her manly sense, that did controll
 each looser thought, and captivate my soul.
 Oh lovely Charmer! what transporting Bliss?
 what satisfaction did your swain possess? 30
 when you, with condescending goodness, deign'd
 to like, and love, and use me as a friend.
 witness, when we in *Shelley* fields were set:
 those happy hours never shall I forget!
 'twas on the day, wherein we ought to raise 35
 our groveling souls to acts of prayer, and praise.
 how didst thou, matchless Maid, thy self explain,
 when Virtue, or Religion was thy theme:
 or when the subject chang'd to various things,
 Worldly Diversions, or the Choice of Friends; 40
 with candor, and respect you spoke your mind,
 free from Reflexion, which we rarely find
 in the soft sex, too much to that Dear Vice inclin'd. }
 Oh happy *Damon*, how, how art thou blest!
 to be of such a fund of joys possess: 45
 what extasies must thy gay soul employ,
 which, long, has labor'd with expecting joy:
 to have thy second self, thy other part,
 the only darling of thy longing heart,
 lodg'd in thy arms ----- 50
 whilst she, a Virgin Wife, a wedded Maid,
 with native truth, and innocence array'd;
 by needless fears perplext, reluctant stands,
 and, sighing, joins with thine her trembling hands;

performs the solemn rites, with sacred awe ; 55
and sanction gives to the Unalterable Law.

From this great æra, may the almighty powers
blessings bestow in never-ceasing showers :
Oh may this happy pair be always blest !
of every joy, of every wish possess ! 60
may plenty dissipate all worldly cares !
and smiling peace bless your revolving years !
and may a beauteous offspring, soon, proceed
to crown the transports of the nuptial bed :
may you the babes with the same pleasure view, 65
as your fond parents always lookt on you :
thus may you love ; and great examples prove
of constant truth, and Matrimonial Love,
for many, many years ; till age shall be
renew'd by Death, and roll into Eternity. 70

So *Thame* and *Isis*, rivers of renown,
by mitred *Oxford* blended are in one ;
thro' various counties, in meanders stray :
tho' sometimes locks, and mounds, obstruct their way ;
yet with encreasing strength, and gathering force, 75
they onward flow ; and gain their wonted course,
thro' flowry meads, and under lofty hills,
(their offspring branching out in purling rills)
refreshing many a field, and lonely grove,
the fittest theatre for scenes of love. 80
and though, sometimes, polluted streams may cast
a sullied aspect on the limpid glass :
soon they their wonted clearness do regain ;
and with fresh lustre brighten all the plain.
thus gently gliding to the boundless sea, 85
they too are swallow'd up in their Immensity.

The Gossips.

GOOD neighbor how d'ye do? and do again?

I think I have not seen you God knows when:
I hear your husband's gone abroad to day;
so I look'd in, but really cannot stay.

pray see in what a pickle I am come;
upon my life, I left no soul at home.

Pray neighbor, now you're here, sit down a while;
I'll tell you something that 'll make you smile.

I vow you startle me to hear you speak;
I have not seen you, I believe, this week;

ne'er since we we drank Geneva, you know where;
when merry Mr --- you-knew-who was there.

Lord, how these cunning children stare, and leer;
one can say nothing, but these brats must hear.

get you to school, go, sirrah; how you stand?
and take your sister with you by the hand.

Come, pray sit down, don't want so much entreating:
are you for drinking, neighbor, or for eating?

You'll always make one stay, the duce is in ye:
well, since I'm thus dropt in, I'll spend my penny: so
though, when I first step'd in, I vow and swear,
I did not think to stay a minute here.

ap. Laugh and be Fat. p. 131.

*On my Lady Isabella**Playing on the Lute.*

SUCH moving sounds from such a careless touch!
so unconcern'd her self, and we so much!

what

what art is this, that, with so little pains,
transports so much ; and o'er our spirits reigns !
the trembling strings about her fingers crowd, 5
and tell their joy, for every kiss, aloud :
small force there needs to make them tremble so ;
touch'd by that hand, who wou'd not tremble too ?
Here Love takes stand ; and, while She charms the ear,
empties his quiver on the list'ning deer. 10
music so softens, and disarms the mind,
that not an arrow does resistance find.
thus the Fair Tyrant celebrates the prize ;
and acts, her self, the triumph of her eyes.
so Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd 15
his flaming *Rome* ; and, as It burnt, He play'd.

Waller. ap. Poëms. p. 86.

To *Chloris*, Singing. Waller.

While I listen to thy Voice,
Chloris, I feel my life decay ;
that powerfull noise
calls my fleeting soul away.
oh ! suppress that magic sound, 5
which destroys without a wound.

Peace, *Chloris*, peace ; or, Singing, die ;
that, together, You, and I
to Heaven may go :
for all we know, 10
of what the Blessed do above,
is, that they Sing, and that they Love.

Waller. ap. Poëms. p. 78.

On a Girdle. Waller.

THAT, which Her slender Waist confin'd,
 shall, now, My joyfull Temples bind :
 no Monarch, but wou'd give his crown,
 his arms might do, what This has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere ;
 the pale, which held that lovely Dear :
 my joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 did, all, within this circle move.

A narrow compass ; and yet, there,
 dwelt all that's Good, and all that's Fair. 10
 give me but What this Riband bound,
 take all the Rest the Sun goes round.

Waller. ap. Poëms. p. 92.

The Lady's Looking-Glass. Prior.

CÆlia, and I, the other day,
 walk'd o'er the sandhills to the sea,
 the setting sun adorn'd the coast,
 his beams entire, his fierceness lost :
 and, on the surface of the deep,
 the winds lay only not asleep.
 the Nymph did like the scene appear,
 serenely joyous, calmly fair ;
 soft fell her words, as flew the air.
 with secret joy, I heard her say 10
 that she wou'd never miss, one day,
 a walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change ! the winds grow high ;
 impending tempests charge the sky ;

the light'ning flies ; the thunder roars ; 15
 and big waves lash the frighten'd shoars.
 struck with the horror of the sight,
 she turns her head ; and wings her flight ;
 and, trembling, vows, she'll, ne'er again,
 approach the shore ; or view the main, 20

Once more, at least, look back, said I ;
 Thy self in that large Glass descry.
 when Thou art in good humor drest ;
 when gentle reason rules thy breast ;
 the Sun, upon the calmest sea, 25
 appears not half so bright as Thee :
 'tis then, that, with delight, I rove
 upon the boundless depth of love :
 I bless my chain ; I hand my oar ;
 nor think on all I left on shore. 30

But, when vain doubts, and groundless fear,
 do that dear foolish bosom tear ;
 when the big lip, and watery eye,
 tell me the rising storm is nigh ;
 'tis then Thou art yon Angry Main, 35
 deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain ;
 and the poor sailor, that must try
 its fury, labors less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
 while Love, and Fate, still drive me back ; 40
 forc'd to doat on Thee, thy own way,
 I chide thee first, and then obey.
 wretched when from thee ; wext when nigh ;
 I, with thee, or without thee, die.

Prior. ap. Poems. p. 34.

ROYALTY and POPERY. Rowe.

Dutchess of Suffolk to Lady Jane Gray.

NO more complain, indulge thy tears no more;
 thy pious grief has given the grave its due:
 let thy heart kindle with the highest hopes;
 expand thy bosom; let thy soul, enlarg'd,
 make room to entertain the coming glory
 for Majesty, and Purple Greatness court thee;
 Homage, and low Subjection wait: a Crown,
 that makes the Princes of the earth like Gods,
 a Crown, my Daughter, *England's* Crown attends,
 to bind thy brows with its Imperial Wreath. 10

L. J. Amazement chills my veins! what says my Mother?

D. S. 'Tis Heaven's decree, for our expiring *Edward*,
 when now just struggling to his native skies,
 even on the verge of Heaven, in sight of Angels,
 that hover'd round to waft him to the stars, 15
 even then declar'd my *Jane* his Successor.

L. J. Could *Edward* do this? could the dying Saint
 bequeath his Crown to me? Oh fatal bounty!
 To me! but 'tis impossible! we dream.
 a thousand, and a thousand bars oppose me, 20
 rise in my way, and intercept my passage.
 even you, my gracious Mother, what must you be,
 ere I can be a Queen?

D. S. That, and That only,
 thy Mother; fonder of that tender name, 25
 than all the proud additions power can give.
 yes, I will give up all my share of Greatness,
 and live in low Obscurity for ever,
 to see thee rais'd, thou darling of my heart,

and

and fixt upon a throne. But see! thy Father, 30
Northumberland, with all the Council, come,
 to pay their vow'd Allegiance at thy feet;
 to kneel, and call thee Queen.

L. F. Support me *Guilford*;
 give me thy aid; stay thou my fainting soul; 35
 and help me to repress this growing danger.

*Enter Suffolk, Northumberland, Lords and Others
 of the Privy-Council.* [Kings;

North. Hail! sacred Princess! sprung from antient
 our *England's* dearest hope; undoubted offspring
 of *York* and *LANCASTER'S* united Line:

by whose bright Zeal, by whose victorious Faith, 40
 guarded, and fenc'd around, our pure Religion
 (that lamp of Truth, which shines upon our altars)
 shall lift its golden head, and flourish long:

beneath whose awfull rule, and righteous sceptre,
 the plenteous years shall roll in long succession; 45

Law shall prevail, and ancient Right take place;

Fair Liberty shall lift her cheerfull head,

fearless of Tyranny, and proud Oppression;

no sad complaining in our streets shall cry;

but Justice shall be exercis'd in Mercy. 50

Hail! Royal *Jane*! behold we bend our knees,
 the pledge of Homage, and thy Land's Obedience;

with humblest Duty thus we kneel, and own thee
 our Liege, our Sovereign Lady, and our Queen. 55

L. F. Oh rise!
 my Father rise!
 and you, my Father too!
 rise All! nor cover me with this confusion
 what means this mock, this masquing shew of Greatness?

why

why do you hang these pageant Glories on me, 60
and dress me up in Honors not my own?

North. The Daughters of our late great Master Henry
stand, both, by Law, excluded from Succession.

To make all firm,
and fix a power unquestion'd in your hand, 65
Edward, by will, bequeath'd his Crown to you;
and the concurring Lords, in council met,
have ratify'd the gift.

L. J. Are Crowns, and Empire,
the government, and safety of mankind, 70
trifles of such light moment, to be left,
like some rich toy, a ring, or fancy'd gem,
the pledge of parting friends? can Kings do thus,
and give away a People for a Legacy?

North. Forgive me, Princely Lady, if my wonder 75
seizes each sense, each faculty of mind,
to see the utmost wish the Great can form,
a Crown thus coldly met: a Crown, which, slighted,
and left in scorn by you, shall soon be sought,
and find a joyfull wearer; one, perhaps, 80
of blood unkindred to your royal house;
and fix its glories in another line. [*turning to Guilford.*

L. J. Where art thou now, thou partner of my cares?
come to my aid, and help to bear this burthen.
Oh! save me from this sorrow, this misfortune; 85
which, in the shape of gorgeous greatness, comes,
to crown, and make a wretch of me for ever.

Guil. Thou weep'st, my Queen, and hang'st thy droop-
like nodding poppies, heavy with the rain, ling head,
that bow their weary necks, and bend to earth. 90
see, by thy side, thy faithfull *Guilford* stands,
prepar'd to keep distress, and danger from thee;

to wear thy sacred cause upon his sword ;
and war against the world in thy defence.

North. Oh ! stay this inauspicious stream of tears ;
and cheer your people with one gracious smile.
nor comes your fate in such a dreadfull form,
to bid you shun it. turn those sacred eyes
on the bright prospect, Empire spreads before you.
methinks I see you seated on the throne ;
beneath your feet, the kingdoms great Degrees
in bright confusion shine, Mitres, and Coronets,
the various Ermin, and the glowing Purple :
assembled Senates wait with awfull dread,
to firm your high commands, and make 'em fate.

L. J. You turn to view the painted side of Royalty ;
and cover all the cares that lurk beneath.
Is it to be a Queen, to sit aloft
in solemn, dull, uncomfortable state,
the flatter'd Idol of a servile Court ?
is it to draw a pompous train along,
a pageant, for the wondring crowd to gaze at ?
is it, in wantonness of power, to reign ;
and make the world subservient to my pleasure ?
Is it not rather to be greatly wretched ;
to watch ; to toil ; to take a sacred charge ;
to bend, each day, before high Heaven, and own,
This People hast thou trusted to my hand ;
and, at my hand, I know, thou shalt require them ?
Alas ! *Northumberland* ! --- my father ! --- is it not
to live a life of care ; and, when I die,
have more to answer for, before my Judge,
than any of my subjects ?

Suff. Every state,
allotted to the race of man, below,
is, in proportion, doom'd to tast some sorrow.

nor is the golden wreath, on a King's brow,
 exempt from care; and yet, who would not bear it?
 think on the Monarchs of our royal race;
 they liv'd not for Themselves. How many blessings,
 how many lifted hands, shall pay thy toil;
 if, for thy People's Good, thou happily borrow
 some portion from the hours of rest; and wake,
 to give the world repose.

Suff. Behold, we stand upon the brink of ruin,
 and only Thou canst save us. Persecution,
 that fiend of *Rome* and Hell, prepares her tortures;
 see where she comes in *Mary's* priestly train.
 still wo't thou doubt? till thou behold her stalk,
 red with the blood of Martyrs, and wide-wasting,
 o'er *England's* bosom? all the mourning year,
 our towns shall glow with unextinguish'd fires;
 our youth, on racks, shall stretch their crackling bones;
 our babes shall sprawl on consecrated spears;
 matrons, and husbands, with their new-born infants,
 shall burn promiscuous; a continued peal
 of lamentations, groans, and shrieks, shall sound
 through all our purple ways.

Guil. Amidst that ruin, think thou behold'st thy *Guilford's* head laid low,
 bloody, and pale

L. J. Oh! spare the dreadfull image!

Guil. Oh! would the misery be bounded there,
 my life were little: but the rage of *Rome*
 demands whole hecatombs, a land of victims.
 With Superstition, comes that other fiend,
 that bane of Peace, of Arts, and Virtue, Tyranny;
 that foe to Justice, scorner of all Law;
 that Beast, which thinks mankind were born for One,
 and made by Heaven to be a Monster's prey;

that

that heaviest curse of groaning nations, Tyranny.

Mary shall, by her kindred *Spain* be taught
to bend our necks beneath a brazen yoke ;
and rule o'er wretches with an iron scepter.

L. J. Avert that judgment, Heaven ! 165
whate'er thy Providence allots for me,
in Mercy spare my Country.

Guil. Oh, my Queen !
does not thy great, thy generous heart relent,
to think this land, for Liberty so fam'd, 170
shall have her tow'ry front, at once, laid low,
and robb'd of all its Glory ? Oh ! my Country !
Oh ! fairest *Albion*, Empress of the deep,
how have thy noblest Sons, with stubborn Valour,
stood to the last, dy'd many a field in blood, 175
in dear defence of Birth-right, and their Laws ! [dom,
and shall those hands, which fought the cause of Free-
be manac'd in base unworthy Bonds ?

be tamely yielded up, the spoil, the slaves
of hair-brain'd Zeal, and cruel coward Priests ? 180

L. J. Yes, my lov'd Lord, my soul is mov'd,
at every danger which invades our *England* : like thine,
my cold heart kindles at the great occasion ;
and could be more than Man, in her defence.

But where is my Commission to redress ? 185

or whence my Power to save ? Can *Edward's* Will,
or twenty met in Council, make a Queen ?

can you, my Lords, give me the Power to canvass
a doubtful title with King *Henry's* Daughters ?

where are the Reverend Sages of the law, 190
to guide me with their wisdoms, and point out
the paths, which right, and justice bid me tread ?

North. The Judges all attend ; and will, at leisure,
resolve you every Scruple.

L. Janc.

L. F. They expound ; 195
 but where are those, my Lord, who make the Law ?
 where are the ancient Honors of the Realm,
 the Nobles, with the mitred Fathers join'd ?
 the wealthy Commons solemnly assembled ?
 where is that Voice of a consenting People, 200
 to pledge the Universal Faith with mine,
 and call me justly Queen ?

North. Nor shall that, long,
 be wanting to your wish : the Lords, and Commons,
 shall, at your Royal Bidding, soon Assemble ; 205
 and, with united homage, own your Title.
 delay not then to meet the general wish,
 but be our Queen ; be *England's* better Angel :
 nor let mistaken piety betray you
 to join with cruel *Mary* in our Ruin. 210
 Her bloody Faith commands her to destroy ;
 and Yours forbids to save.

Guil. Our foes, already
 high in their hopes, devote us all to death.
 the dronish monks, the scorn and shame of manhood,
 rouse, and prepare, once more, to take possession, 215
 to nestle in their ancient hives again ;
 again they furbish up their holy trumpery,
 Relicks, and wooden wonder-working Saints,
 whole loads of lumber, and religious rubbish ; 220
 in high procession, mean to bring 'em back,
 and place the puppets in their shrines again :
 while those of keener malice, savage *Bonner*,
 and deep-designing *Gard'ner*, dream of vengeance ;
 devour the blood of innocents, in hope, 225
 like vultures ; snuff the slaughter in the wind ;
 and speed their flight to havock, and the prey.
 haste then, and save us, while 'tis given to save
 your Country, your Religion.

North.

North. Save your Friends!

230

Suff. Your Father!

D. Suff. Mother!

Guil. Husband!

L. Fane. Take me, Crown me;

invest me with this royal wretchedness;

235

let me not know one happy minute more;

let all my sleepless Nights be spent in care;

my days be vex'd with tumults, and alarms;

if only I can save you: if my fate

has mark'd me out to be the publick victim,

240

I take the lot with joy. Yes, I will die

for that eternal truth, my faith is fixt on;

and that dear native land, which gave me birth.

Guil. Wake ev'ry tuneful instrument, to tell it;

and let the Trumpets sprightly note proclaim

245

my *Fane* is *England's* Queen! let the loud Cannon,

in peals of Thunder, speak it to *Augusta*!

imperial *Thames*, catch thou the sacred sound,

and roll it to the subject Ocean down;

tell the old deep, and all thy brother-floods,

250

my *Fane* is Empress of the watry world!

now, with glad fires, our bloodless streets shall shine;

with cries of joy our cheerful ways shall ring;

thy name shall echo through the rescued Isle,

and reach applauding heaven!

255

L. Fane. Oh! *Guilford*! what do we give for glory!

for glory! that's a toy I wou'd not purchase,

an idle, empty bubble. But, for *England*!

what must we lose for that! Since then my fate

has forc'd this hard exchange upon my will,

260

let gracious Heaven allow me one request:

for that blest peace, in which I, once, did dwell;

for books, retirement, and my studious cell;

for all those joys, my happier days did prove ;
 for *Plato*, and his *Academic Grove* ;
 all that I ask, is, Though my fortune frown,
 and bury me beneath this fatal Crown ;
 let that one Good be added to my doom,
 to save this Land from Tyranny, and *Rome*.

Rowe. ap. The Tragedy of the Lady Jane Gray.

act. iii. p. 30.

A P O E M

in Praise of

T E A.

L Ast night, my hours on friendship I bestow'd ;
 and wine, and mirth, a while, profusely flow'd.
 soon as some Beauty's health had walk'd the round,
 another's health succeeding glasses crown'd.
 but while these arts to raise our joys we use,
 our mirth, our friends, and even our selves we lose.
 'tis vain in wine to seek a solid joy ;
 all fierce enjoyments, soon, themselves destroy.
 wine fires the fancy to a dangerous height,
 with smoaky flame, and with a cloudy light,
 from its excess even wisdom's self grows mad :
 for an excess of good it self is bad.
 all reason's in a storm, no light, nor skies ;
 but the red ocean rolls before our eyes.
 unhappy state ! the chaos of the brain,
 the soul's eclipse, and exile of the man.

From boist'rous Wine I fled to gentle Tea :
 for, calms compose us after storms at sea.
 in vain wou'd Coffee boast an equal good :
 the chrystal stream transcends the flowing mud.
 Tea, even the ills, from Coffee sprung, repairs ;
 disclaims its vices, and its virtue shares.

To

To bless me with the juice two foes conspire,
 the clearest water with the purest fire.
 wine's essence, in a lamp, to fewel turns ; 25
 exhales its soul ; and, for a rival, burns.
 the leaf is mov'd ; and the diffusive good,
 thus urg'd, resigns its spirits in the flood.

In curious cups the liquid blessing flows ;
 cups, fit alone the *Nectar* to enclose. 30
 dissembled groves, and nymphs, by tables plac'd,
 adorn the sides ; and tempt the sight, and tast.
 yet more the gay, the lovely, color courts ;
 the flavor charms us ; but the tast transports.

I drink, and lo, the kindly steams arise ; 35
 wine's vapor flags, and soon subsides, and dies.
 the friendly spirits brighten mine again ;
 repel the brute ; and re-inthroned the man.
 the rising charmer, with a pleasing ray,
 dawns on the mind, and introduces day. 40
 so its bright parent, with prevailing light,
 recalls distinction ; and displaces night.

At other times, the wakefull leaf disdains
 to leave the mind entranc'd in drowsie chains :
 but now, with all the night's fatigue oppress'd, 45
 'tis reconcil'd to sleep ; and yields me up to rest.

Hail, Drink of Life ! how justly shou'd our lyres
 resound the praises, which thy power inspires !
 blest Juice, assist ; while I the vision draw,
 which then, in sleep, with inward eyes I saw ! 50
 thy charms alone can equal thoughts infuse :
 be Thou my Theme, my Nectar, and my Muse.

I saw the Gods, and Goddesses, above,
 profusely feasting with imperial *Jove*.
 the banquet done, swift round the nectar flew ; 55
 all Heaven was warm'd, and *Bacchus* boistrous grew.

fair *Hebe*, then, the gratefull *Tea* prepares ;
 which to the feasting Goddesses she bears.
 the heavenly guests advance with eager haste ;
 they gaze, they smell, they drink, and bless the taste. 60
 refresh'd, and charm'd ; while thus employ'd they sit ;
 more bright their looks, and more divine their wit.
 at large each Goddess pleasing censures flung :
 for, even above, the Sex will, right or wrong,
 enjoy their dear prerogative of Tongue. 65
 the drunken God, long courted, tastes at length :
 then swears the liquor's damn'd for want of strength.
How low, cry'd he, in quaffing are we sunk !
will stuff like this make Gods, or Mortals drunk ?
'twixt This and Wine how many are the odds ! 70
Wine makes us drunk, and something more than Gods.
rais'd with that nectar, o'er the skies I rove ;
and only to be Drunk is to be Jove.

Now raving *Bacchus*, reeling to his place,
 crowns his assertion with an ample glass : 75
 and *Hebe* then replies, with modest grace.

Immortal Powers of Heaven, and Earth, and sea,
permit Youth's Goddess to defend her Tea.

What food, what drink, a taste deprav'd can please ;
averse to cure, and fond of its disease ! 80
the purest air gross mortals ne'er befriends ;
and heaven it self cannot be heaven to fiends.
thus kindly Tea, perhaps, insipid seems
to sense, debauch'd by Wine's seducing steams :
but sure, wherere these lov'd abuses fail, 85
Tea, Temperance, and Reason, will prevail.

Wine proves most fatal, when it most invites ;
Tea is most healthfull, when it most delights.
Wine conquers man with its pernicious fumes ;
Tea conquers Wine, though Wine the man o'ercomes.

Wine.

*Motteux.**Tea.*

41

*Wine but inflames the brain, it wou'd inspire ;
Tea gives the light, and yet excludes the fire.
relieve me, God of Physic, and of Laws,
and reach a Theme superior to my praise.*

91

*Here Hebe ceas'd : the Thund'rer, with a nod,
bespeaks assent of the melodious God.*

95

*Tell, Muse, for sure no mortal can rehearse
the hallow'd utterance of the God of Verse :
tell how of Tea the great Physician sung !
words, like his theme, flow'd sweetly from his tongue.
at once, the God two attributes reveal'd,
his sense enlighten'd, and his numbers heal'd.*

101

*He sung of rage by harmony controul'd ;
and manly clay with living fire insoul'd ;
of arts devis'd ; of plants for wonders prais'd ;
and Tea, whose fame shou'd o'er all plants be rais'd.*

105

*None, says the God, shall with that tree compare ;
Health, Vigor, Pleasure bloom for ever there ;
Sense for the Learn'd, and Beauty for the Fair :
Tea both imparts. for, while it cheers the mind,
her seat's refresh'd, and every charm refin'd.*

110

*the eyes, the judgment, with authentic light,
receive their objects ; and distinguish right.
bright are the sallies of the rising thought ;
sublime the flights, yet regularly wrought.
hence then, ye Plants, that challeng'd, once, our praise,
the Oak, the Vine, the Olive, and the Bays.
no more let Roses Flora's brows adorn ;*

115

*nor Ceres boast her golden Ears of corn ;
the Queen of Love her Myrtles shall despise :
Tea claims, at once, the Beauteous, and the Wise.*

120

*Think of the Rose, that inoffensive sweet ;
of fragrant gums, the brain's luxurious treat ;
or kinder odors, which in verdant fields,
when newly cropt, the grassy harvest yields :*

125

think every gratefull smell diffus'd in one ;
 and, in Imperial Tea, find all their charms outdone.
 Tea, Heaven's delight, and Nature's truest wealth ;
 that pleasing physic, and sure pledge of health :
 the Statesman's Councillor, the Virgin's Love ; 130
 the Muse's Nectar, and the Drink of Jove.
 the lab'ring God drank Tea, that happy morn,
 when wise Minerva of his brain was born.
 nor gain my looks new glories in the sea ;
 they set in waves, but rise more bright from Tea. 135
 thus rais'd, I guide my steeds, and check their force ;
 thus, thro' the vast expanse, maintain a steady course.
 Oh! had the Youth, who once assum'd the reins,
 compos'd with Tea, drove o'er th'etherial plains ;
 still, safe, the fiery coursers he had driven, 140
 spight of the monsters in the road of Heaven :
 sedate, and dauntless, Jove had seen him ride ;
 and Tea had sav'd him, whom his fires destroy'd.
 fate, then, to man deny'd a gift so rare ;
 tho' fav'rite mortals now the nectar share. 145
 soon as the day, in Orient climes, is born ;
 the wise Chinese, with Tea, salute the morn :
 and, as my beams, their vigor to renew,
 sport in the waves, and drink their morning dew ;
 so, there, each rising nymph, with Tea, supplies 150
 the intermitted lustre of her eyes.
 serene, and lovely, as the new-born ray,
 afresh they dazzle, and augment the day.
 Tea, first in China, did all arts improve ;
 and, like my light, still Westward thence they move.
 well might all nations be, by those, outdone, 156
 who first enjoy'd that Nectar, and the Sun.
 but see (to know how man in Tea is blest),
 what inbred foes the little world infest.

see how the blood, fermenting in the veins,
 in various shapes, inflicts a thousand pains,
 dire symptoms, nature's frowns, by slow degrees,
 here, indicate an obstinate disease :
 there, languid motion, with a livid face,
 the sickly crasis of the blood betrays. 165

'tis Tea must swell the stream ; repell its foes ;
 till eas'd, and free, the vital purple flows.
 the generous fluid gives, in balmy steams,
 strength to the nerves, and firmness to the limbs.
 no more, the brain is whir'd with noxious fumes ; 170
 no more, a lingering fire the man consumes :
 again the blood its sprightly course maintains ;
 and florid youth distends the turgid veins.

thus from scorbutic venom nature's freed ;
 distaste must cease, and appetite succeed. 175
 with ease the gentle Diuretic saves ;
 and clears, and fills the channels, which it laxes.

so, when some stream, enfeebled, clogg'd with mud,
 and stagnating, wou'd cease to be a flood ;
 all droops around ; plants, shepherds, earth, and skies,
 in sickly looks, consent, and sympathize ; 181

till Jove the land, like Danaë, befriends ;
 warm wishes rise, and Heaven in showers descends :
 mud, gravel, stones, the swelling current drives ;
 the spring renews, and every swain revives. 185

Nor less the drink with weak digestion suits ;
 the steams concoct what first the flood dilutes.
 for Tea the strongest aliments controuls ;
 digesting thought, the nabler food of souls.

But see disease in full dominion reign ; 190
 and lingring nature drag her tort'ring chain !
 convuls'd with pain, hark how the wretches groan,
 rack'd by the stubborn gout, and rending stone !

see how the twin-tormentors, soon as felt,
 extort confession from reluctant guilt. 195
 so, old offenders, struggling on the rack,
 review their crimes, yet dread to call 'em back;
 with loathing tongue their secret deeds arraign,
 urg'd by the virtue of persuasive pain.

What ends these ills, and cheers the drooping old, 200
 like healing Tea, the only liquid gold!
 improv'd by age, see how it age improves;
 and adds new pleasure, and old pain removes!
 so, man, refining at his youth's expence,
 grows ripe for thought, and mellows into sense. 205
 there, Chymists, there, your grand Elixir see;
 the Panacea, you shou'd boast, is Tea.
 there, Sons of art, your wishes, doubled, find;
 Tea cures, at once, the body, and the mind:
 chaste, yet not cold; and sprightly, yet not wild; 210
 tho' gentle, strong; and, tho' compulsive, mild:
 fond nature's paradox, that cools, and warms;
 cheers without sleep; and, tho' a med'cin, charms.

Ye Sages, who, with weighty notions fraught,
 tho' doz'd with study, wou'd persist in thought, 215
 when the lamp sickens, and the Moon-beams faint,
 and trembling sight obeys but with constraint,
 you know 'tis Tea, whose power new strength allows;
 and drives the slumbers from your yielding brows;
 night's conquer'd, and the weary stars retire; 220
 yet still the mind preserves her active fire.

What greater good from Tea can mortals reap?
 it lengthens life, while, thus, it shortens sleep.
 in sleep, and death, black shades the soul o'erspread;
 to be asleep, awhile is to be dead. 225
 but the blest Leaf extent of life can give;
 and bids mankind emphatically live.

Appear, my lov'd Oriental Sons, and show
what health, and ease, the Plant imparts below.
Your evening, equal to the noon of life, 230
bears Love, and War; nor dreads the vigorous strife.
Death seems a stranger, where Tea reigns, and grows;
his chief abode is, where the vintage flows.

Then hear me, Gods; nor must I be withstood,
since to be Gods is wholly to be good; 235
to Eastern climes no more the Leaf confine;
but save, by Tea, what wou'd be lost by Wine.
one blessing more, and Europe's ills must cease;
add Tea, and Health, to Liberty, and Peace.
Tea, in the man, makes all the blessings live; 240
and, giving Health, the greatest Good can give.
to spread Its power, and Wine's excess supply;
let every British Fair its virtues try.

like them, the drink is charming, clear, and chaste;
to make 'em love, perswade 'em but to taste. 245
then all mankind its wholesome sweets will share;
for all are proud to imitate the Fair.

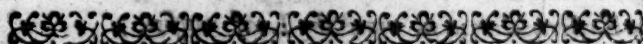
Now British fleets, revolting with the year,
journey, like Phœbus, o'er each hemisphere.
o'er all the watry world their Monarch reigns; 250
and China's shores scarce bound her liquid plains.
though frugal Senates; by a timely doom,
from cloathing Britain, barr the Indian loom;
yet shall its product bear abroad her charge;
and, chang'd for foreign treasures, hers enlarge; 255
and Asia give, while Europe's Sons agree,
her Spice, her Pearls, her Diamonds, and her Tea.

Such thoughts did the Prophetic God express;
such thoughts, but cloath'd in a diviner dress.
He ceas'd; and All, but Bacchus, strait, applaud; 260
who, not convinc'd, was yet to silence aw'd.

against

against the Grape immediate sentence past;
 and He, though forc'd, drank sober Tea at last.
 Immortals, hear, said Jove, and cease to jar:
 Tea must succeed to Wine, as Peace to War:
 nor by the Grape let men be set at odds;
 but share, in Tea, the Nectar of the Gods.

Motteux. pp. 16.



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